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S K E T C H O F B A N G O R . \*

BANGOR is pleasantly situated on the western bank of the Penobscot river, at the head of the tide and navigation, thirty miles from its mouth. The Kenduskeag Stream, which here enters the main river at right angles, divides the compact part of the city into nearly equal parts. The land on each side of the stream rises to a considerable height, and the village, which stretches from it and the Penobscot in every direction, presents a beautiful and picturesque appearance, particularly on approaching it from down the river, when it is gradually disclosed to the view. The scenery viewed from the height of land on the north-west side of the village is delightful. From this point on a clear day, the Katahdin mountain, with its snow-white summit, at a distance of more than seventy miles, can be distinctly seen.

Bangor, originally called the Kenduskeag plantation, from the Stream above alluded to, now extends about six miles on the river. It formerly included a considerable portion of what is now Orono, situated above, and Hampden, below, and in 1790, contained 567 inhabitants. It then probably contained double the extent of territory now comprised within its limits. According to Judge Williamson's valuable History of Maine, published about five years since, the first settler came to this plantation with his family, in the latter part of 1769. In the ensuing year, several families came to the place; and, in 1772, the settlement contained twelve families. In March, 1787, a public meeting was held for the purpose of taking measures to build a house of public worship, the records of which are said to be the earliest extant. The first clergyman, the Rev. Seth Noble, a whig refugee from the Province of Nova Scotia, who had resided in the plantation about one year, was engaged by the people living on each side of the Penobscot, to officiate for them, and he agreed to remain their pastor so long as they would pay him a salary of four hundred dollars. He continued with them about twelve years. His installation took place under an oak tree. To him was committed the agency of procuring an act of incorporation for the town, which

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\* From the June No. of the '*American Magazine*,' a periodical of Useful Knowledge, published at Boston.

was obtained in February, 1791. The inhabitants of the plantation in public meeting instructed him to have it called *Sunbury*, which name was probably suggested by the pleasant appearance of the place. Perhaps the reverend gentleman did not coincide with his constituents as regards the doctrine of instruction, and not manifesting a disposition to 'obey or resign,' he assumed the responsibility of substituting the name of *Bangor*. Some supposed the name might have escaped his recollection, and having a strong partiality for the good old psalm tune, he caused the name to be placed in the act of incorporation. We do not learn that this departure from 'democratic usage' occasioned any unpleasant feelings on the part of his constituents towards him.

The first public building in Bangor, the Court House, now the City Hall, was erected in 1812, and occupied by the courts, and for religions and other public meetings till 1822. During the latter year, the first meeting-house was built for the only religious society then existing in Bangor, over which the Rev. Harvey Loomis was settled, who was ordained in 1811. This excellent and universally beloved man preached to this society till January 2d, 1825, when he died suddenly in his pulpit before the commencement of the forenoon services. Singular as the fact may appear, he had selected for his text the following passage of scripture—'This year thou shalt surely die.' This meeting-house was consumed by fire five years afterwards, and in 1831 its place was supplied by a very handsome edifice of brick. The Unitarian, Baptist, and Methodist houses of worship were commenced in 1828, and completed in that and the succeeding year. The Hammond-street Church, built by a portion of the Calvinistic society, was completed in 1834. St. John's Church, a beautiful edifice intended for the Episcopalian order, was erected during the last season, but has not yet been occupied. At the same time, a large brick church for the Methodist society, and a small one of wood for the Catholics, were commenced, and will probably be completed during the present season. The whole number of churches will then be eight. A large and commodious Court House of brick, containing the several County offices, and a stone jail were erected in 1832. The Maine Charity School, or Theological Seminary, incorporated in 1814, and opened in Hampden in 1816, was afterwards removed to Bangor, and a classical school connected with it. The principal building of brick, four stories high and similar to the usual college edifices, is situated on a commanding eminence, on a tract of seven acres, the donation of the late Isaac Davenport, of Milton, Massachusetts. Another of the same size is in contemplation, as also a large and elegant chapel, and residences for the professors connected with the seminary. There are four professorships, and the funds of the institution amount to about one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. It is under the direction of trustees of the Calvinistic denomination. The Bangor House, a more particular description of which may be given hereafter, is a large and splendid hotel, very similar to the Tremont House, in Boston. It was first opened for the reception of company on the first day of January, 1835. It is a building which reflects great credit upon the enterprise of its projectors and proprietors. There are several other large and commodious public houses in the city. There are three bridges across the Kenduskeag Stream, two of

which are the result of individual enterprise. A large covered bridge is extended across the Penobscot.

The first printing office was established in the autumn of 1815, by Peter Edes, now the oldest printer in the Union, who, after an absence of a few years, has returned to Bangor to pass the eve of life in the family of one of his children. He immediately established a weekly newspaper. At the present time, there are five printing offices, from which are issued five weekly papers, to which number another is soon to be added, two dailies, and the only monthly periodical in the State. The first bank was incorporated in 1818. There are now nine, whose aggregate capital is \$900,000. These do not fully supply the wants of the community, a circumstance tending somewhat to show the extent of the business operations. The chief business is the traffic in lumber, which gives rise to a large amount of other business. Intimately connected with it is that of navigation, in which many are extensively engaged. This would have been more extended, did not the severity of the winter season occasion obstruction by the ice, between four and five months of the year. During this portion of the year, however, vessels can reach Frankfort, twelve miles below, with perfect safety. A remedy for this interruption is being sought out by means of a rail-road between the two places, which will greatly facilitate operations. In this matter of rail-roads, the Bangoreans have outdone other citizens of their State. The first rail-road in Maine, from Bangor to Oldtown in Orono, about twelve miles in length, built at an expense of about \$250,000, was opened in November last, and has not been obstructed but for a single day, during the interim. It reflects great credit upon the enterprise and public spirit of Messrs. Edward and Samuel Smith, its projectors, who have, in several other instances, done much to benefit the city.

Bangor was incorporated as a city in the winter of 1833-4, and the charter being accepted in the spring of the latter year, Allen Gilman, Esq. who had resided in the town about thirty-five years, was elected Mayor, and held the office for the term of two years. He was succeeded by Edward Kent, Esq. the present incumbent. Both of these gentlemen are natives of New Hampshire, and members of the legal profession. The want of a City form of government had been sensibly felt, and the result has shown that its adoption has been a very important measure in facilitating the progress of public improvement. Its march has been onward, and it appears to have been the watchword of every citizen. A city market of ample dimensions has been commenced, and will probably be completed in the course of this or the coming year. It will be an ornament to the city, and another strong proof of the enterprise and public spirit of its citizens. While their attention has been so strongly fixed upon the welfare and interests of their fellow beings, they have not been unmindful of those who have passed, and are continually passing from among them. A public cemetery at Mount Hope, on the plan of Mount Auburn, was consecrated in July last, in the usual manner. The grounds comprise about thirty acres, twenty of which belong to the city, and the remainder to individuals, having been put into lots and sold. The location is very fine, about two miles from the compact part of the city, and is said to be inferior to no other place of the kind, Moun



Auburn excepted, for the advantages of soil, situation, and shrubbery. Connected with it are a beautiful green-house and garden, under the care of a gentleman who devotes his whole attention to it, and whose labors already have done much to beautify and adorn the place. It will be made one of the most beautiful spots on the Penobscot, and is likely to become, comparatively speaking, a place of quite as much resort as Mount Auburn.

On the outskirts of the city, and within its limits, two or three villages are rapidly springing up. Owing to their peculiarly excellent location for the purposes of milling and manufacturing, they have fallen into the hands of capitalists, who have a fair prospect of reaping a rich reward for their investments. The principal of these is the village of North Bangor, where are situated the extensive works of the Penobscot Mill Dam Company. Thirty saws have already been in operation, and their charter allows of a great increase, giving, as it does, the privilege of erecting their works for a considerable distance on the banks and falls of the Penobscot. This village is about four miles from the centre of business, on the main road to Orono, and three from the Lower Stillwater village, where very extensive operations of a similar character are contemplated. The Kenduskeag Stream, on which one of these villages is situated, has ample advantages for manufacturing purposes; to further which a company has recently been incorporated.

The population of Bangor, within the few last years, has increased with great rapidity. In 1800 the whole number of inhabitants was 277. Seven years previous, the rateable polls were 45; and sixteen years afterwards, 252. In 1810 the whole population amounted to 850; in 1820, 1,221; in 1830, 2,828. At the present time the whole number, including foreigners, is estimated at 9,500. This astonishing increase is almost without a parallel in this country. Whether it will continue to grow in a corresponding ratio, is very difficult to determine, so fluctuating is the general state of business. One thing, however, is certain. Bangor will inevitably 'go-ahead' with a strong hand, and if it does not increase for the same length of time to come in a like ratio, its advance will be strong and steady.

The following comprehensive extract may well conclude this sketch of the history and progress of Bangor. 'The rapid and unexampled increase of the city of Bangor in wealth, population, and business, within the short period of three years—its facilities and resources for still further increase, warrant us in saying, that at no distant period of time, it is destined to become one of the first cities within the Union. Its local situation is unrivalled in the New England States—at the head of navigation, on one of the finest rivers in the United States, near the centre of the territory of Maine, surrounded by a superior country, rapidly improving, and commanding all the resources of lumber from the head waters of the Penobscot and its tributaries, it presents such encouragement to the farmer, mechanic, and the merchant, as perhaps cannot be found in any other place. In the centre of a basin of nearly 10,000 square miles, of a soil unsurpassed in fertility—which must eventually become the great depot of its produce, and the great mart of exchange for the eastern portion of the State. The immense tracts of timber lands and the fast settling towns and villages of the interior, to say nothing of our commercial resources, promise an exhaustless supply of material upon which



our enterprise may work. Water privileges, unrivalled in power and extent, are within the reach of the city, and to the eye of the experienced observer present the germs of many a manufacturing establishment, and the means of employment to thousands. Wherever we look, we find something to aid us in our advance to prosperity, and with these advantages, what shall put us back? Fifty years ago, and this was a wilderness. Fifty years hence, and what will then be? 'Let the example of the few past years, and the well known and acknowledged enterprise of our citizens answer.'

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### THE PASSAGE OVER THE FALLS.\*

Day shone on Niagara's tide,  
Whose rival torrents, side by side,  
The Yankee's and the Briton's pride,  
As down the awful steep they glide,  
    Pause in their giddy flight.  
And sporting twist, in looms of spray,  
To rainbow-wreaths the solar ray,  
    And shed prismatic light.  
Day shone on lake, day shone on land,  
And crown'd with many a gallant band,  
    Goat Island hove in sight.  
There, thronging in tumultuous swell,  
From Forsyth's and from Brown's hotel,  
Unnumber'd crowds in solemn state,  
A gorgeous spectacle await;  
The bark, that on that fatal day,  
The torrent's fury shall essay.  
And lo! at once a thousand eyes,  
And hark! at once a thousand cries,  
    Proclaims the vessel nigh.  
She comes! she comes! a deaf'ning shout,  
O'er stream and shore rings gaily out,,  
    And plaudits rend the sky.  
Hurrah! then—and the sable flag  
Compos'd of many an ancient rag,  
    Waves lordlier at the cry.  
She comes! she comes! and on her deck,  
In mournful groups, to grace the wreck,  
    A victim band prepare.  
There cat, opossum and racoon,  
In common death shall mingle soon  
    With buffalo and bear.

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\* The reader will probably recollect the incident on which this effusion was founded—the sending of a vessel over the Falls of Niagara, some years ago.

There too, in jackets stuff'd with straw,  
 On yard and boom, spectators saw  
     The semblance of a crew ;  
 While, at the prow, two forms are seen,  
 Of fairer shape and statelier mein,  
     And garments gay to view ;  
 In them, I ween, not hard to ken,  
 The Adams and the Jackson men,  
     Well pleas'd, their idols knew.  
 And now, the bark approaches fast,  
 Now the first rapids she hath past,  
 And now on shallower waters cast,  
     She strikes upon a rock ;  
 Like forests fell'd by whirlwind's blast,  
 Down tumble rigging, spar and mast,  
     With repercussive shock.  
 I heard the hostile waves rebound,  
 As if an earthquake shook the ground ;  
 I heard the shiver'd fragments crash,  
 As when an hundred breakers clash ;  
 Now, pois'd awhile, the shatter'd hulk  
     A moment's respite gains ;  
 Gives to the tide one half her bulk,  
     The other fix'd remains.  
 There, pois'd as on a pivot, twirls,  
 While round her bows, in angry whirls,  
 Lash'd into foam, the eddy curls,  
 And broken booms and disarray,  
 Mark the fell havoc of the day.  
 Again she rights, and down again,  
 Though reft of rigging and of men,  
 And drinking fast the whirlpool wave,  
 She hurries to her destin'd grave.  
 Minstrel, away, the work of fate  
 Is bearing on—its issue wait,  
 Where on the cataract's glassy edge,  
 From Table Rock's projecting ledge,  
 Mid the deep green, a moment seen,  
     The bark comes tumbling o'er.  
 Down, down she goes—a dreadful leap,  
 The tide is strong, the chasm deep,  
 The wild beasts yell hath peal'd her knell,  
     She sinks to rise no more.  
 'Tis past—far down the watery den  
 The surges meet and part again,  
     But not in equal tide ;  
 High o'er the rocks the billows play,  
 Disgorging fragments of their prey,  
     And flinging them aside.  
 The gulf hath gorg'd its victim well ;  
 But now, 't is meet that I should tell  
 How—ere she past the cataract's brow—  
 Of those twain figures at the prow,  
     The one leap'd overboard,

How gleam'd a moment ere it fell,  
 A moment sank beneath the swell,  
     And instantly restor'd,  
 To many a wondering eye displayed  
 A figure for commanding made,  
     Though somewhat dimm'd by years.  
 'Tis he! 'tis he! New Orleans pride!  
 Wave, Jackson men, your banners wide,  
 For, lo! triumphant on the tide,  
 Once more the jaws of death defied,  
     Old Hickory appears!  
 In vain! the tide relentheth not,  
 He too must share the common lot  
     Of all beneath the sun;—  
 And now 'tis past—the billows roar,  
 The torrent tumbling as before,  
 Flings scarce a fragment on the shore,  
     To tell what it hath done.  
 Yet, happy, oft at twilight fair  
 To future bards, shall memory there,  
     Some fond memorial show.  
 And there tradition oft shall tell,  
 How Jackson stemm'd the surges' swell,  
     And Adams sunk below.  
 And how, on that eventful day,  
 The bark that first explor'd the way  
 Of Niagara's pendent wave,  
 There found her ruin and her grave.

## GRACE GRANGER,

### BEING A FEW WORDS ABOUT BACHELORS.

BY GILES M'QUIGGIN.

'I do n't love you, Grace Granger—I do n't love you, by my life I do n't—this posthumous way you've got of playing the deuce with a fellow's pocket money is enough to drive a common skulled Carolinean into insanity or suicide. I can't stand it, nor I won't.'

'Heigho, Mr. Webster Goodfornix, and so the wind has changed, and I am Grace Granger the spendthrift, now—I, who used to be Grace the angel, and sweet Miss Granger; but may be you're in a pet now, and I must forgive you; so come, my pretty husband, and kiss me, and call me Grace Goodfornix.'



'Grace Goodfornix!—husband—kiss!—by the wig of Socrates, it is too much—pick my pockets—spend my money—and when I'm as mad as a hornet, call me husband and ask me to kiss—forgive—spendthrift—angel—Mrs. Goodfornix—Grace, I swear I don't love you, and so there's an end of the matter.'

'And of course, Mr. Goodfornix, I must become insane and commit suicide. O, how romantic—Mrs. Grace Goodfornix was found dead in her chamber, with a four ounce phial labelled laudanum, by her side—and all for love. Now what do you think of that, Mr. Goodfornix? What do you think of that?'

'Grace, you're a vixen, and I'm a phrenologist, and there's no more comparison between us than there is between a piece of chalk and a mud machine, and being a little out of humor this morning, I beg leave to be allowed to have nothing more to say to you.'

Had not Mr. Webster Goodfornix made the acknowledgment that he was out of humor, there's no telling when or where the above Sunday morning colloquy would have terminated, but that acknowledgement was everything; like the mantle of charity, it hid a multitude of sins, and Mrs. Grace Goodfornix—aged eighteen—bowed in obsequious silence to her *husband-out-of-humor*—aged forty four.

This lovely couple had been matrimonialized just three days, and the amount of money Grace had spent was '*three fippeny bits*'—ill humor had magnified it to a *posthumous* quantity, and the good natured Grace, who had been papa's pet and mamma's darling all her life, *almost* repented that she had, in obedience to their commands, accepted a rich old bachelor—discarding for his own or his money's sake, a numerous train of young and gay admirers, many of whom, though blessed with but little cash, would have very willingly given her 'love for love.' But fathers and mothers generally know more than their daughters, and sometimes out of sheer kindness and affection they take the liberty of loving for them, as well as managing all their matrimonial concerns.

Mr. Webster Goodfornix was a phrenologist, and when he presented himself before the parents of Grace as a suitor for her hand and heart—a singular enough way it was to get at a lady's heart—he expatiated eloquently upon the admirable qualities developed on the summit of his knowledge—sand box: he declared to gracious, that like-father-and-motherableness was the biggest knot he could boast of, and that was as big as his fist and as red as blood, clearly indicating its strength and fervent temperament. In order that there might be no misunderstanding in the matter, the knot was exhibited in all its enormous preponderance and strictures made upon its extended capabilities. The exhibition of the most interesting and valuable bumps, seconded by the influence of the cash supposed to be in his possession, had the desired effect—the old people were won—the daughter was commanded, and on Thursday night, when Grace Granger was thinking more about dashing out in silks, etc. than she was of bachelors and household affairs, she was made Mrs. Goodfornix. The Sunday morning after the wedding, Grace discovered, through the loquacity of one of the servants, that the phrenological development of which her husband so much boasted, was

nothing more than *pumphandleiveness*, and possessed none of the peculiarities in the name and consideration of which the owner and occupier had claimed such decided preference; the bump was moreover obtained by an accident which had well nigh deprived old Goodfornix of his life. Being insupportably thirsty one feverish summer noon, he hastened to a pump, and after two or three hearty draws of the unfortunate handle, he screwed his fist up to a tunnel, as the boys do sometimes, and fixing one end on the spout, he clapped his mouth to the other, and caught all he could. After a few dozen repetitions of the experiment, during which a crowd of boys, half grown girls, kitchen wenches, and the like, had collected around, and were waiting with all imaginable impatience for the opportunity to procure their turns of water—he fancied he had obtained a pretty considerable drink, and while in the act of lifting his head from the spout, a wicked urchin, who was provoked at the long delay he was forced to submit to, threw the handle with all his force upon it, and thereupon arose the aforesaid organ of pumphandleiveuëss, a new developement, no doubt in the archives of phrenology.

But without further explanation in regard to this interesting pair, with the reader's permission we will return to the aforementioned Sunday morning. It will be recollected that the acknowledgment of Mr. Goodfornix, of his being 'out of humor' softened the rising resentment of his wife, who, in spite of her youth, was somewhat womanly in her carriage and enjoyed a clever quantum of common sense. Now,—pardon this little attempt at moralizing—had Grace's husband been a man of suitable age, that is, some twenty years younger, she might have thrown her beautiful arms about his neck, and smoothed his throbbing brow with her delicate hand—then a kiss or so would have set matters straight; but these manœuvres, with a confounded crusty old bachelor only make him worse, and it is verily believed possible to *soothe* an old rascal of the sort up to a very devil—and then slam bang—girls, take care.

Grace seemed to be aware of these things, and very properly retired, leaving her disconcerted spouse 'alone in his glory.' She hoped, for his own credit's sake, as they had been but three days married—that a few hours' reflection would temper the 'rash humour *his years* had given him,' and he would be as affectionate as ever; but she was much mistaken—talk of affection in a bachelor of over forty years standing,—you might as well talk of the good nature of a whirlwind,—it's nonsense. The old fellow sat sulky enough after Grace had left him, and 'nursed his wrath to keep it warm' until she returned. Thicker and thicker his madness gathered, and when his wife, after an absence of a few hours, softly opened the chamber door to enquire if he was ready to accompany her to church, as was the usual custom on bridal occasions, he looked such a tempest of anger upon her as made her start and tremble; closing the door, she retreated to the parlour, where, seating herself and taking up the most interesting of books, 'The Young Wife,' she resolved to await in silence the result of the vengeful cogitations of her 'lord and master.' Not desiring to render herself more than necessarily unhappy, she had dinner cooked as usual, and when it was

ready, she sat down and enjoyed it alone, not daring to break a second time into the angry quiet of the bachelor husband. About five in the afternoon the old chap was literally starved out of his seclusion,—creeping softly down stairs, he went smelling about the rooms and at the kitchen door, to find if he could discover any thing like the scent of dinner. Disappointed in his search, he proceeded to try the sideboard, and then the cupboard, but they were all locked up tight enough, and the keys were in the hands of his wife. What was to be done now? Starve he could not think of—to humble himself before his young wife was worse, and as this seemed to be the battle in which generalship for life was to be determined, he felt not inclined to yield it readily. He paced the hall and the rooms on the lower floor, seriously reflecting upon the sad condition that a young and self-willed wife could bring a man of hoary hairs into, and ever and anon expressing aloud his ever-changing resolves—altering and amending them as new ideas occurred, or as he was directed by his phrenological developments. Grace was on the alert: finding the old man in close communion with himself, what could she do but listen? And hearing, what could she do but profit and improve by it? The old gentleman soliloquized after this sort: ‘Three days married, and turned termagant—was ever man in such a pickle? Quarrelled till I called her a vixen, and said I was out of humour,—left me alone in my chamber—no dinner—starvation in my own premises—victuals locked up—keys in her pocket—true, ah, true—it is the only wish of woman to rule or ruin;—if she succeeds now, farewell to my authority—I must—I will—aye, Webster Goodfornix must conquer.’

‘Must conquer, hey, old Grumble,’ whispered Grace to herself,—‘well, we’ll see;’ and as soon as old Grumble became tired of his travel up and down the room, and went above stairs to rest awhile, Grace put on her shawl and bonnet, and ordering the kitchen maid to follow, stepped out, locked the street door, and stole quietly off to her mother’s. The old lady was a little surprised to see her at that time of the evening, being seven o’clock, and without her husband, too; this circumstance occasioned a slight short examination, in which Grace proved herself to be pretty considerable of a diplomatist, and not a bad hand at the manufacture of *stories* to suit the necessities of the case. She told her mother that her husband was unexpectedly called away to the country to attend the funeral and settle the estate of a near relative, from whom he expected no trifling fortune: the mention of the fortune was sufficient, and the considerate mother was satisfied. Grace spent the night very comfortably under the same parental roof that had so often sheltered her in childhood, and enjoyed in no ordinary degree the trick she had played upon her husband. In the mean time, the old man, wearied with the monotony of his chamber, endeavored to find relief in change of scene. When it began to grow dark, he thought he’d descend and see what preparations they were making for supper. He tried the door, but alas and alack, it was fastened, and he a prisoner; he tried again and again, and convinced himself of the seriousness of his situation,—nothing to eat all day, and unceremoniously confined in his own chamber at night by the wife that he thought would idolize him, and who he expected



to behold a weeping penitent, when he childishly told her, he did not love her. 'Yes,' he exclaimed, 'they'll rule or ruin; and she'd better rule.'

Mr. Goodfornix spent the night in the most miserable manner imaginable, and when the morning came and was pretty well advanced, he was compelled to call to a street passenger, and humbly beg his assistance in relieving himself from his exceedingly unpleasant situation. It was with much difficulty and a few bruises that he succeeded in getting down; being thoroughly and entirely conquered, he proceeded, hungry and chop-fallen, to the residence of his father-in-law, where he found his angel, Grace Granger, singing, and as merry as a cricket. This was too provoking; but the old man was obliged to bear it—and more than that, he had to compromise his dignity in a most inglorious manner, by begging Grace's pardon, and promising every attention and kindness in future. Grace held back, until her mother importuned, when she very obligingly condescended to return and play mistress over the property of her husband. The imperturbable display of her independence, and the immutable *sang froid* she exhibited were without parallels. She returned to the home of her husband, like a dutiful wife, and ever afterwards carried her measures and spent as much money as she pleased.

*Baltimore, Md.*

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## ODDS AND ENDS,

FROM THE PORT FOLIO OF AN EX-EDITOR.

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NUMBER FIVE.

### REFLECTIONS.

BEWARE of folly! do not borrow  
 With promise given for the morrow,  
 Nor trust to fortune for the power  
 Of retribution at the hour.  
 What boots it, if our smile to-day  
 Demands a waste of tears in pay?  
 'Tis even so, whene'er excess  
 Blends with our present happiness:  
 Too *swift*, alas! oft brings us woe,  
 And oft as *tardy* as too slow.

The poet tells, and tells us true,  
 That life is like the ocean blue,  
 Inconstant, doubtful at the best,  
 And never peaceful in its rest,  
 For though, nor storm, nor tempest high,  
 Sweep o'er its waters darklingly,  
 Yet, yet commotion's ceaseless roll  
 Is swelling still from pole to pole.

So man alas, may never rest,  
 Though blest as mortal ne'er was blest,  
 And free from *real* ills of life,  
 Exempt from care—exempt from strife,  
 O yet a restless something still  
 Annoys his heart, and ever will.

Thus, as the voyager o'er the deep,  
 Though calm and hush'd be ev'ry wave,  
 Looks for the storm-wind's rapid sweep,  
 And roaring waters round him rave.

Lo, as we sail life's fitful sea,  
 Precaution still should be our guide,  
 Though now, its billows tranquil be,  
 Yet change, dark change comes rapidly,  
 To bear us with its sterner tide !

#### A TRIP OUT OF TOWN :

*Or—Knight of the Long Nine.*

CRACK went the whip, skip went the horses, and round went the wheels of the stage-coach, as we started off for the country, in company with our old friend Bob Simpson. It was a beautiful, perspiring, dusty morning, and the sun was intensely, uncomfortably warm. It was but a short hour ere we drove up to the Massasoit House, in Waltham, where our company was joined by a slim, pale-faced, dashing blade, from Europe. He swore quite fashionably at the driver for his delay, stating that he had nearly suffocated, waiting in anxious suspense for his vulgar coach ; but the coachman, being no milksop at this business, retorted with ready change, swearing that he would toss him into the Concord river for ninepence, *in specie* ; and soon the affair was settled in quite an off-hand manner. Again we were under full sail, with a stiff breeze. The gentleman stranger made up our compliment of six passengers, and soon discovered himself to be a little sack of English impudence and conceit, quite malapert indeed, and self-consequential, probably sent across the water by his Pa, to 'take the tour of America.'

We never use tobacco, nor take snuff, and as to smoking, we detest the practice—of course we were soon in a predicament not so very enviable, for this popinjay, no sooner than he took his seat, began to puff like a porpoise upon a disgusting long nine, and frequently exclaiming between every puff, that such cigars were only fit for plebians, but they were the best he could find. In addition to this, the perfume of his breath was like the effervescence of a brandy cask. He was wondrous wise, and pretended to know more than all the world beside, especially the Yankees, whom he tried to lash and ridicule as often as he found opportunity. There was a churlish puppyism also in the composition of this exotic, which certainly is not characteristic of such of his fellow countrymen, who have looked abroad a little beyond the circuit of the family territory.

Three ladies sat upon the back seat, Bob and ourself forward, and Master Fogo on the middle. We remonstrated, in terms of civility, but it had no effect, other than to produce from him a strain of abuse and insult. The ladies, we perceived, were much annoyed; and, determined on our purpose, not to have us all suffocated, we appealed to the driver, who, till now, knew nothing of the difficulty. Forthwith he halted, and observed, that there must be no smoking in the stage, and that '*the gentleman must put his pipe out.*' Saying which, he drove on again, when little Mr. Puffer replied, 'Not as you knows on, brother Jonathan, I tell ye now.' Bob was now awake, and though he cared not a fig for himself, yet observing the extreme discomfort of the ladies, he cried out, 'Come, avast your puffing! give us a chance for fair weather.' The smoker still kept on; but Bob was not to be foiled in his purpose, and again called on him—'I say, sir, overboard with your cigar, or by the powers, you shall experience how a Yankee can teach an upstart manners.' To this he made no other reply than, 'cease your impertinence, you Yankee scoundrel!' Bob now had him by the coat collar, and held him as still as a rat in a pair of tongs. Was not this fine amusement for the lady passengers in a stage-coach? The little fellow squabbled and squeaked so much, that the ladies began to make considerable ado, and we requested the coachman to stop. We now made known our difficulties to Mr. Phaeton, who forthwith ordered the little gentleman to quit smoking, or leave the coach. This was peremptory—the man was a Boanerges, and the knight of the long-nine was obliged to submit.

We were soon amongst the hills; and in the centre of a forest, exactly in the middle of our path, lay a monstrous rattlesnake! The driver halted, that we might see it, as well as to let the creature crawl off; for the ladies (as all ladies are when they observe a snake) were much affrighted, though not in the least danger. We now had a long dissertation on the serpent race from our little exotic. 'Who's afraid of a paltry animal like that we just passed? It is decidedly a vulgar creature; but in all my travels over South America, and through the Southern States, and down the Mississippi Valley, amidst thousands of copper-heads, moccasin snakes, and boa constrictors, I have felt no fear.' 'No doubt,' said one upon the back seat, 'for, they say that *naught* is never in danger.' At this the strange gentleman was highly incensed, and undertook to belabour the Yankees of both sexes most severely, calling them all the hard names that prejudice could invent, and closed his harangue by saying they were all a paltry set of *snake dreaders*, and that one little crawler would drive an army of them.

Now, Bob always avoided quarrelling, and was willing at any time to take the best way to avoid trouble; so he concluded to say nothing, and let John Bull run down his clicker; and it was not long before he tapered off into a dead silence, to the no small relief and satisfaction of us all. After a while, however, we started conversation again, but on a new subject. Bob made many inquiries about the manners and customs of England, and we spoke in high terms of their literary men, their orators, their statesmen, &c., and the little Islander's brow became smoothed, and his temper quite reduced to a moderate heat. He had indeed travelled considerably, but had not profited much by it; yet he and Bob got into quite a *tete-a-tete*, as the latter had



travelled much in Europe, and had a pretty good opportunity to gain a knowledge of the character and country of the English. I could see that Bob understood very well how to humor the fellow in his foibles, being a complete angler for such sort of fish. It was very evident that he had some scheme in view, and, I believed, was determined to recompense, in some way or other, for the gross insults we had received. We soon drew up to a public house, where we were to dine, when Mr. Consequence remarked, that he believed his health would not admit of his proceeding farther that day on his journey, and that he preferred to take a more *pleasant* mode of conveyance. This last remark was spoken in a manner to give additional provocation, and was not lost upon Bob's remembrance.

We all dined together very pleasantly; after which, as Bob was promenading the street, he found a boy playing with a wounded snake. It was of the black species, a small one, and unable to crawl, by reason of a wound midway between his extremities; but then he could dart his little, fiery, forked tongue, and threaten, swell and bluster equal to our little English traveller. Taking the snake, which by the way was perfectly harmless, he clapped it into his hat, placed his handkerchief over it, and then put it on his head. Thus equipt, he entered the bar-room of the hotel, lighted a first-rate Spanish cigar, and, laying his hat upon a table, resting it upon the crown, he sat down by a window, commenced smoking and addressing the bystanders. In a short time, (as he expected,) the young exquisite approached him.

'Come, friend,' said Bob, 'as you stop here, suppose we take a glass of wine and smoke a cigar together, before we part? I have some fine ones in my hat there—the best Spanish.'

'With all my heart,' he replied.

So they took their wine, and Bob, pointing to the hat, requested him to help himself. Forthwith he danced up to the table, and as he removed the handkerchief in search of the cigar, pop! jumped the little black serpent, flattening his head, and darting the red fire from his mouth. O, horrendum! Over went Johnny Bull upon the floor, slap-dash in a twink! 'Waiter, waiter, bring water!' cried one,—'Camphor!' said another,—'Cologne and musk!' screamed a third,—'A doctor! run for the doctor!' sung out another,—'Stage ready!' bawled the coachman,—'I've smoked the Englishman!' giggled Bob, as he jumped into the carriage; when, crack went the whip! skip went the horses! round went the wheels! and we saw no more of the *knight of the long nine!*

PROTEUS.

## M I N D .

A SMILE on the fair brow brightly beams,  
 As the shadowy tints of life's young dreams,  
 When the hope of bliss o'er the glad heart gleams—  
     Upspringing e'er—  
 But the lofty mind—dost thou see it now  
 In the beaming smile on the fair, fair brow?  
     It dwells not there.

The dark eye illumines with flashing light,  
 As the sun's first glow of splendor bright,  
 Dispels the shades of Italia's night,  
     With deepening glare—  
 The deathless soul from the world on high,  
 Does it shine in the light of beauty's eye?  
     It dwells not there.

Oh! gracefully moves the faultless form,  
 When the youthful heart beats high and warm,  
 And gaily it shadows its freshest bloom,  
     With witching air—  
 Does the peerless mind its priceless trust,  
 Debase to the fair but fading dust?  
     It dwells not there.

Where thoughts 'crowd thickly for utterance,'  
 Where the giant intellect flings its glance  
 In the eye's impassioned eloquence,  
     As lightnings of air—  
 There the form re-echoes the soul's glad strain—  
 Where it seems the spirit's hallowed fane,  
 A spotless temple—with ne'er a stain—  
     Its might is there.

Where the poet's harp, with golden strings  
 Is pealing bright and glorious things,  
 The burst of his high imaginings,  
     In simple song—  
 Where the orator's arm is raised on high,  
 Where lightning flashes from his eye,  
 And earth sends forth one patriot cry,  
     Deep voice and strong.

Where fancy lifts her soaring flight,  
 As the haughty eagle's wing of might  
 Is bathed in the near sun's gorgeous light,  
     There, there it dwells—  
 The voice of God from his throne on high,  
 Herald's its earthward path from the sky—  
 And ne'er shall peal, till its Maker die  
     The spirit's shadowy knell!

## ACCOUNT OF AN EXCURSION TO MOUNT KATAHDIN, MAINE.\*

BY J. W. BAILEY, Acting Professor of Chemistry, U. S. Military Academy, West Point.

SATURDAY, Aug. 13. Our disappointment was very great this morning at finding ourselves surrounded by a drizzling mist, which threatened rain, and completely prevented our enjoying any view of the surrounding country. After waiting awhile, in hopes of its clearing away, we commenced our ascent, placing ourselves abreast of each other, that the stones which one might loosen should cause no injuries to the rest of the party. The slide near our encampment was about forty yards wide, narrowing very slowly towards the top. Soon after leaving our camp, I discovered fragments of compact limestone containing distinct impressions of *Terebratulæ*. These were found in the path of the slide, but a slight examination convinced me that they were masses which had been deposited on the mountain by diluvial action. Mr. Keely informs that rolled masses of similar limestone have been found near Waterville College.

From the steepness of the mountain, the slipping of the loose stones and gravel, and the weight of our clothes drenched with the rain, our progress was slow, and very fatiguing; we toiled on, however, in spite of the rain, until we had reached a point about six hundred feet from the summit. By this time I became so much exhausted as to fear I would not be able to reach the summit, and have strength enough to return to the boat that afternoon. Our time being limited, as well as our provisions, it was necessary that we should reach the boat that day; for fear, therefore, of detaining the party, I determined, very unwillingly, not to exhaust my strength by ascending any higher. Had the day been fine, there would have been more inducement to proceed; but we were enveloped in clouds, drenched with rain, and there was no prospect of the weather becoming such as to enable us to enjoy that view from the summit which is the principal inducement to reach it. Mr. Barnes, with the two guides, determined to proceed, while Mr. Keely and myself were to return to the camp and prepare a fire. Before descending, I examined the plants growing at the elevation which we had reached. I found the following in great abundance near the slide, viz: *Ledum latifolium*, *Vaccinium*, *Vitis Idæa*, *Vaccinium uliginosum*, and *Solidago virgaurea*, var. *alpina*. In the slide itself were large patches of *Potentilla tridentata*, and *Arenaria glabra*. (The *P. tridentata* is somewhat improperly called *Mountain potentilla*; it, however, flourishes within a few yards of the ocean, near the observatory at Portland.) We found, also, in descending, many bushes

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\* This article is extracted from *Silliman's Journal*. As it contains some facts in relation to the geology and botany of the places visited, it will be interesting to many of our readers, and is peculiarly appropriate to our pages.—EDITOR.



of *Ribes ringens*, whose berries, though ripe, were very nauseous at first; but my thirst made me persist in eating them, and I soon found them quite palatable. We examined the rocks in the slide while on our way to the camp, but found little of interest: fragments of shell limestone were not uncommon, besides which were many fragments of hornblende rock, gray-wacke, and amygdaloid. Some of the latter has a green paste resembling compact epidote; in this was once imbedded a substance which has decomposed, leaving the globular cavities which it once filled, nearly empty. The vesicular stone thus formed has a striking resemblance to a volcanic product. I also noticed many fragments of jasper of a fine red color. No indications of any ores were perceived.

When we arrived at our camp, we found our fire extinguished, and ascertained, much to our chagrin, that our friends had taken with them our only means of kindling one. The rain was increasing in violence, our only resource, therefore, was to spread one blanket on the ground and another over it as a tent, by which we were partly sheltered from the storm. In about an hour we heard the merry shout of our comrades, who, thoroughly drenched, and much fatigued, soon arrived at camp. Mr. Barnes stated that the difficulty of the ascent increased greatly until he reached the ridge above the slide, along which he then proceeded, without much trouble, to the summit. On the very summit he found a fine bed of grass, and picked specimens of two plants, which I found to be *Vaccinium uliginosum* and *Empetrum nigrum*, both in fruit. He brought no specimens of the grass.

The summit rock, of which he brought down some specimens, is a reddish colored granite, containing small, but well formed crystals of feldspar. It is stated in Williamson's History of Maine, that on Katahdin, vegetation ceases a mile from the summit, and that the elevation is so great as to cause difficulty of breathing, as well as intense cold to be felt. Mr. Barnes contradicts this, having found vegetation on the summit, and not having perceived any great rarefaction of the air, or sensible reduction of temperature.

It is evident from this, that the height of this mountain has been greatly overrated. It has been variously estimated at from five thousand to six thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea. It was our intention to have measured its height, but unfortunately we could not procure a mountain barometer either in Waterville or Bangor.

Before we descended from our camp, the clouds rose a little, so as to give us a fair view of some of the numerous lakes with which the region abounds. We could distinguish Millinocket, Debsconeegan, Pemmidumkook, &c. In descending, we passed numerous horizontal terraces which appeared to extend along the flanks of the mountain beyond the slide.

When we had descended nearly to the point where we had first entered the slide, we turned to the left, and pursued a southerly course; but in the endeavor to avoid the swamp which the day previous had caused us so much trouble, we lost our way and became entangled in several dense sphagnous swamps, in which was a thick growth of cedar, (*Thuja occidentalis*), through which it was very difficult to effect a passage. Often we would completely lose sight of each other, and be obliged to shout to our guides to stop, for fear we might part company. The heavy rain in the morning had completely

drenched the trees and bushes, so that every one we touched sent down upon us a shower, which soon wet us to the skin. Climbing over fallen trees, stumbling at tangled roots, now by main force making a passage through the bushes, and anon falling prostrate, as some rotten branches gave way, to which we had trusted for support, we at last reached the 'burnt wood,' with much less clothing upon us than when we began our journey. None of us, not even our guides, who were experienced woodsmen, were ever on so fatiguing a journey. Had we trusted entirely to our pocket compass, we might easily have returned to our boat by the same route by which we left it, but in the endeavor to avoid one swamp, we got into a dozen, besides adding several miles to the length of our route. In the burnt wood we advanced with more ease, but before we reached the river, we were again obliged to enter a difficult swamp. We finally struck the river a few rods above our boat, and were as much rejoiced to see it as was ever sea-sick traveller by beholding the shore. The plants which I had an opportunity of noticing around the base of Katahdin, during our hasty return, were the following, viz: *Monotropa uniflora*; *Pyrola secunda*; *Pyrola umbellata*; *Dalibarda repens*; *Cornus Canadensis*; *Epilobium spicatum*; *Convallaria trifolia*; *Gaultheria hispidula*; *G. repens*; *Streptopus roseus*; *S. distortus*; *Ledum latifolium*; *Kalmia angustifolia*, and *Sordus Americana*. This last is sometimes called Round wood, because the stem is so perfect a cylinder.

On the shores of the Penobscot, near our landing place, I observed in the same abundance as at the lakes below, *Ranunculus repens*; *Potentilla fruticosa*; *Campanula rotundifolia*, and *Spartina cynosuroides*; to the latter our boatmen gave the name of 'Blue Joints.' In the stream were great quantities of *Lobelia Dortmanni*; *Eriocaulon pellucidum*, and *Sparganium natans*.

This night we encamped at the head of the Debsconeegan Carrying Place, where we found a small camp made of hemlock bark, which required but little adjusting to render it very comfortable. We made a large fire to dry our clothes and blankets, and then lay down for the night. In the morning (Sunday) I found myself suffering from a violent cold in my throat, which, however, had no serious consequences. Making a hasty breakfast, we again set out, eager to reach the Grand Falls before night. Whenever we were in still water we used both paddles and oars, and thus made rapid progress. We were particularly struck, during this day's journey, with the remarkable purity and transparency of the water, as well as the beauty and accuracy of the reflections from its surface. Every leaf and branch of the trees were distinguishable, and the rounded rocks, projecting above water, appeared like globular masses of some light substance afloat, and it was almost impossible to distinguish the dividing line between an object and its image.

A solemn stillness reigned upon these lakes, broken only by the sound of our paddles, the wild laugh of a loon, or cry of a white eagle which we occasionally startled from his perch on some lofty pine.

Near Hoyt's stream, however, we heard one 'sound familiar to our ear;' it was the tinkling of cow bells, which we found were fastened to some fine oxen grazing on the islands in the stream. They belonged to Mr. Gibson, who has a camp farm at Sowadahunk, six miles above our landing place. We met him in his boat as we were descending the river; he was carrying

up some men to cut the wild meadow hay, which is in great demand in this region during winter, when the woods are filled with 'loggers' and their cattle.

Nothing worth recording occurred during the remainder of our journey to Grand Falls, where we arrived before sunset. The next morning, Monday, we engaged our faithful guides to transport us in their boat to Mattawamkeag Point, where we arrived about three o'clock, P. M. with our relish for the comforts of civilization much heightened by our excursion. We returned, via Bangor, &c. to Waterville, and on calculating our expenses, found them to have been but twenty-five dollars each, including the hire of the horse and wagon.

Before closing this article, I wish briefly to mention the places at which I have had an opportunity of observing the argillite so often alluded to in the above article. During this journey it was the only rock seen *in situ*, from Waterville, east to Bangor, and thence north and north-westerly to a point between Grand Falls and Quakish Lake. I observed it on an excursion made on foot to Mount Abraham, in 1832, at the following places; from Waterville all the way to Norridgewock, where it forms the falls; and in Starks, Industry, Freeman, and Anson. The only other rock observed was a small hill of granite between Starks and Industry, and the granite forming the summit of Mount Abraham.

I have merely stated above, the places where I have myself had an opportunity to examine the Argillite formation. It doubtless extends beyond the limits of my observations, as it is said to occur at Houlton, and it is not improbable that it traverses the whole State in a north-easterly direction, and enters into New Brunswick. This formation appears very deficient in mineralogical interest. I have not seen it in any minerals except quartz and sulphuret of iron. In some places it furnished a good roofing slate, and I have been informed that a vein of limestone occurs in the rocks near Ticonic Falls, at Waterville, but I had not an opportunity of examining this place. I have called the formation Argillite, from its *prevailing* character, although in some places it resembles talcose slate, and at other graywacke.

I think it worthy of remark, that the valley of the Kennebec, from Waterville as far north as I had an opportunity of observing during my visit in 1832 to Mount Abraham, is covered with boulders of granite, of so peculiar a character that they may perhaps some day be traced to their original position. These boulders differ from those observed on the Penobscot, by containing large imbedded crystals of white feldspar, which makes the masses appear at a little distance as if they were covered with *broad chalk marks*. These crystals are generally about three inches long and one fourth of an inch wide. I have seen them, however, five inches long by four wide.

I hope soon to be able to send you an account of the botanical observations which I have made in the vicinity of Waterville; in the mean time I send this hasty article, hoping that the few facts it contains respecting the geology and botany of the regions visited, will be received with interest, on account of the few notices which have hitherto been published upon these departments of the natural history of Maine.

*West Point, Aug. 31, 1836.*



## THE SPIRIT OF THE WINDS.

THE sun has sunk 'neath the ocean wave,  
 And the moon's pale beams the billows lave,  
 The laughing stars from their couches peep,  
 To see themselves on the mirrored deep.  
 Eolus sat on his iron throne  
 In his rocky island den alone,  
 And the prisoned winds, in their fetters bound,  
 Make the hollow caves with their cries resound.  
 'Ye spirit of the winds,' he cried,  
 'Who swift on the wings of the tempest ride,  
 Now speed o'er the earth—I have loosed your bands,  
 Away, away, 't is your king commands.'  
 The willing spirits his voice obey,  
 And wing through the midnight air their way,  
 And each as he joined the fairy throng,  
 Thus sung to the island king his song.

The Northwind first raised his voice on high,  
 And hoarsely sang as he glided by:  
 'From the distant lands, where the blasts arise,  
 And tempests hang from the stormy skies,  
 Where spirit-fires through the midnight sky,  
 Like the shadowy forms of the dead flit by,  
 I come; and on my pinions bear  
 The fleecy snows through the chilly air.  
 I have skimmed o'er the lake, and its ruffled breast  
 Has sunk, as I passed, into tranquil rest;  
 While the crystal ice of the frozen streams  
 Flash bright in the moonlight's silver beams.  
 I have rode o'er the tops of the forest trees,  
 And the old boughs dance and wave in the breeze;  
 While the lofty heads of the proud oak cower  
 As they hear my voice and feel my power.  
 The faded leaves from their stems I tear  
 And chase them rustling through the air;  
 Where'er I tread the bright flowers fade,  
 And the green earth wears a darker shade;  
 The houseless wanderer starts with fear,  
 As my mournful note breaks on his ear,  
 For a warning voice to man I bring,  
 And Death and the Grave is the song I sing.'

The whispering Zephyr skimmed o'er the main,  
 And thus broke forth her golden strain:  
 'O, pure is the light of the fairy land!  
 And bright spring the flowers on the spot where I stand,

Green roll the waves of the western sea,  
Pleasure and joy attend on me.  
I have swept o'er the earth, and the frozen clod  
Grew warm on the spot where my feet have trod ;  
And nature, that wept in winter's gloom,  
Has decked herself in her fairest bloom.  
When the laborer faints, or the flowrets die  
In the sultry heat of the noonday sky,  
With my cooling breath I am ever near,  
The dead to revive and the faint to cheer.  
And sweet to the weary traveller's ear  
Are the wind-tossed leaflets rustling near.'

Old Eurus next came to join the throng  
And thus he sung as he sped along :  
' O'er the boundless deep I hold my sway,  
And her rolling waves my voice obey ;  
I veil my form in a misty shroud,  
And ride on the wings of the thunder-cloud,  
The angry billows tossing high  
Their crested peaks 'gainst the stormy sky,  
On the craggy cliffs at their utmost verge  
Are dashed in wreaths of foaming surge.  
Around my paths the sea-birds scream,  
The thunders crash, and lightnings gleam, -  
While the heavy night on every side  
Spreads her gloomy pall o'er the troubled tide.  
I mingle my song with the yells of despair,  
And the sinking sailor's smothered prayer ;  
And fearful echoes break on the ear  
In music meet for a God to hear.'

Fierce Auster, too, with locks of ire,  
And rolling eyes of glowing fire,  
To the island king his strain awoke,  
And this was the song from his bosom broke :  
' Fierce glows the sun on the thirsty sand,  
And the desert there by no breeze is fanned ;  
The death-star flames in the southern sky,  
Like the lurid glance of a spirit's eye.  
I have panted up from the sandy sea,  
On the sun-scorched plains of Araby.  
Oh, breathe ye not my heated breath,  
Away, away ! 't is a draught of death !  
For the pestilence sits on my murky wings,  
And the dread siroc my pinions bring.  
I have swept through the city's busy street,  
And thousands sink in the sultry heat,  
The crowded halls as a desert mourn,  
And the hurrying dead to their graves are borne.'

He ceased, and all their voices join  
 To pour a mingled tide of song,  
 Loud as the ocean's angry roar,  
 When lashed by the dread tornado's power :  
 'Speed, speed o'er the earth, we have burst our bands,  
 Away, away, 'tis our king's command.'

T.

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## CAUSATION.

IN examining the subject of cause and effect in a general manner, without going into its minutiae, we may ask ourselves if indeed that which seems to be the universal principle of change has any bounds? Or is it as far-reaching in extent as the eternal and the infinite? What height, depth, length, or breadth marks its limits in the vast regions of the illimitable and unknown? What time was there in the past, the present, or in the dim prospect of the future, where nought was or shall be changed—or rather when nought *was*, nor aught *shall be*?

But to be more explicit and particular, let us inquire in reference to the principle of cause, if any where over the wide field of existing things and beings it may possibly have no operation. Among the innumerable worlds of the unlimited universe, among all the different parts of suns, and moons, and stars, and at every spot in these, where an insect may dwell, or a particle exist, can we imagine no change going on? So far as our observation may go, we cannot find one point in the material world in which we may not find a constant, though sometimes a gradual changing, from a present mode of existence or condition, to a new. There is not one spot in the far visible creation around, upon which we may turn our eye, without being aware of the fact that all things, from the mightiest to the minutest, from the mountain to the atom, are gradually undergoing, with the advance of time, a *change*, from present to new modifications. And whether we look upon the vegetable, mineral, or animal world, we can but find the same fact to be predicable, however different are their respective organizations. Nor is this fact less applicable to the spiritual world. Mind, too, as well as matter, is undergoing its changes at every moment; but in a manner as different from that of all physical phenomena as is the *material* in its nature different from the *Spiritual*. The fact is *universal*. At no point or place in which matter or mind may exist, can we suppose a single exception to the all-comprehending rule that change is every where taking place, and that in all orders of existence. And although the bounds of human observation are but narrow and limited in every direction, yet are we satisfied in respect to all that lies above and beyond the reach of our short sight, that it is in the same manner subject to change, even as are all things which we behold immediately around us.

If there is any part in all possible existence where there may be an exception to this universal law, yet analogy may not furnish us in a single instance



with an evidence which may justify such an hypothesis, nor can we find it an easy thing to suppose it. True there is a mystery involving the being of the Eternal first cause, and we cannot at all suppose Him subject to change, in the same manner as are all the works of his creation both of matter and of mind. Yet can we predicate nothing confidently either one way or another in respect to Him. Or rather we find it necessary to suppose that God may not be the subject of change, in any manner of which it is possible to conceive, although in a certain sense, change may be exhibited in respect to the exercise of His infinite attributes in a manner shadowed forth perhaps by the operation of the phenomena of created mind. However this may be, which it must ever be impossible to determine, still we venture to pronounce it true that change takes place throughout all created existence in the universe, and the infinite God alone may not be a subject of variability or change.

This being the fact, we are to inquire in the next place, after the cause of all this universal changing throughout existence. We might at once ascribe all this directly to the Creator who must needs have created; and here might stop, having arrived at a plain truth which the most impious skeptic, with all his subtle sophistry, has not been able to controvert with the least shadow of consistency and reason. But manifestly we should not find it agreeable to our notion of Him who inhabiteth eternity, to suppose Him directly at work in all we behold. We instinctively divest ourselves of such an idea, and ask, why should He be thought to do the little business of His serving spirits—his ministers and flames of fire? Why should we conceive of infinite glory and excellence, as bowed down from a throne of perfect height and brilliancy, to the dust, moving the mere twisting of a worm, or the fluttering of an insect in the sunbeam? We see at once that such notions which represent infinite Deity as spread out in a manner like thin radiance over empty space, and bowed every where, are not in the least worthy to be entertained of Him who reigneth on the throne of Heaven, the Eternal and uncreated God, and ruler of all worlds. Thus to unperson God and make him a diffused energy, doing the small drudgery of animal or mental movement, is a thing abhorrent to every right sentiment of Him who is supereminently above and over all—nor is such a philosophy at all well founded.

We are to conceive, then, of God as the first Great Cause of all created things, and of all the changes which are every where going on throughout the unlimited universe, but are not to imagine him to be the direct tangible cause at every point where change is exhibited. On the contrary, we should look for a secondary cause, a generally established energy, sent abroad by the power of the Creator over all things; which being supposed we may satisfy ourselves by thus accounting for that vast and wonderful exhibition of change which pervades all possible existence throughout the bounds of space. True, it may appear somewhat difficult to consider an all-pervading energy as moving or bringing about all changes, without finding it necessary after all, to refer all causing power to the Omnipotent Creator. But this, however is not so difficult a matter of which to conceive, if we reflect a moment upon what seems to be the actual way in which a secondary prin-

ciple of causation may be considered to bring about all its various revolutions. The grand universal energy which we behold every where pervading the world, causing the plant to spring and the diamond to be formed in its damp cave of utter night, the ephemeral insect tribe to be brought into existence, as well as the birds of the air and the beasts of the forest and the field; and sustaining man a godlike intelligence, and moving vast worlds throughout the bounds of the 'illimitable,'—is that medium power by which the Creator of all things carries forward the great universal changes which are every where going on. We have no difficulty in conceiving how a watch, or any other piece of ingenious mechanism, after it has been once formed, may be made to go of itself, containing a power within which moves the whole machine, and is its life-giving force, which sustains and carries on its movement, without the assistance of any power without itself. Or rather, were there not established natural laws of motion, the machine would not move; and in this sense we must consider it as moved by an external power. Yet the illustration may answer our purpose, serving to show us that we may speak of the universe as of a vast machine, which has once been made by an omnipotent hand, and an infinite Intelligence, and who has so constituted it that it thus contains within itself, a self-sustaining, self-moving energy, which ever produces continual movements. It were of little consequence what terms we should apply to the all-pervading power which thus moves all things, whether we should term it laws, or universal life, motion, or force. For it is evident that of the secret power itself, considered abstractly, we know nothing at all, as it lies above and beyond the ultimate grounds of human philosophy. Equally mysterious and incomprehensible is that power which holds every thing in mere present existence, and it were vainest fool's play to attempt comprehending it. We should beware here of the follies of too many acute philosophers, who have bewildered and confounded their comprehension by attempting to bring within its short and narrow reach, those mysteries which may be known only to the infinite mind.

But to continue. It will be a convenient way as we have seen, of accounting for the universal change going on throughout all the universe, to conceive of all created things as comprehended in one vastly-extended general system, constituted in such a manner as to contain within itself, as may any machine, a self-sustaining, self-moving power, which carries on all its mighty operations at any moment of time. And yet again, we cannot look upon any secondary causation, this general energy, or powerful principle which is every where diffused, without referring it in a certain sense to the Eternal first cause Himself, without whose recreating hand nothing could be maintained in existence. And this will appear the more reasonable a belief, if we reflect a moment that the present continuation and sustaining of all things is equivalent, on the part of God, to a continual recreation, or forming a new creation out of chaos. Of this we shall the more easily conceive, if we should suppose God's all-sustaining power to be one moment withdrawn; in which event all things would go to wreck, and the universe would be like a wrecked ship, struck on the rocks in a tempest, and torn and riven in pieces by the wind and waves. Then were Creation merged at once in chaotic space, and were a totally ruined and disorganized form.

## DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON AND BELTSHAZZAR.

TWILIGHT approach'd—the sun that night had set  
 To rise no more on Babylon, great queen  
 Of cities so gorgeously array'd ;  
 In beauty and in splendor unsurpass'd !  
 With dim, pale light slowly the moon and stars  
 Had on their rising way appeared, as if  
 Reluctantly they sent their peaceful beams  
 On scenes below, where riot, noise and revelry  
 In boisterous blasts died slow, or swell'd  
 And rose mid heav'n and utter'd dissonants  
 That mingled strange with nature's dulcet sounds,  
 And direfully chang'd her soft evening song.  
 Those orbs that listen with rapturous delight  
 To symphonies they hear at eve's mild 'fairy hour,'  
 When winds waft up their melody,  
 Nor heard discordant notes, 't was agony  
 To hear. These sounds went up from Babylon,  
 That mighty city ! now how fallen, sunk !  
 Thou hast no more a name ! Thy festive scenes,  
 Thy gilded palaces are but as 'things that were'—  
 'T was thy last festal, most sad for thee,  
 How little thought thou 't was for aye the last ;  
 But thou wast doom'd, wast suddenly o'erthrown—  
 Thy impious acts, long justifying vengeance  
 That slumbered only—the measure of thy fate  
 Beltshazzar fill'd—he with dreadful daring  
 Bid defiance to the Almighty's arm,  
 And by the boldness of the deed, drew down  
 The unseen thunderbolt with tenfold fury,  
 And smote thee and thy monarch to the ground.

And now my feeble powers ! Can ye be fired  
 To glow and burn with indignation  
 At the horrid revels of that midnight feast ?  
 Or paint 'the consternation dire' that sat  
 On every feature ?

O, King Beltshazzar !

How unnerv'd was then thy frame—the knocking  
 At thy heart did painfully reverberate  
 Through every artery, and turn'd their courses  
 Into reservoirs of fear. Then thou knewest  
 The Lord is great and terrible—that thou  
 Wast weighed and in the balance wanting found ;  
 And that he who long in mercy spared thee  
 Forgets not when the day of vengeance is.



The halls were lit in splendid brilliancy,  
 The songs of Bacchus rang high in arched domes—  
 The dance went on, mid music, mirth and wine—  
 The golden vessels that thy sire had brought  
 From out the temple at Jerusalem,  
 Were now profaned by Bacchanalian lips,  
 That with homage worship'd sacrilegious Gods ;  
 And heeded not the gathering sullen clouds  
 That bore portentous import in their blackness.  
 The gentle moon and stars affrighted hid  
 Behind those massy piles that they to gaze  
 On scenes those darkened spirits so had changed  
 Might be spared—and no longer they should hear  
 The harmonies they sung disturbed by shouts  
 That impiously did mock their heavenly song.

Beltshazzar

Then with thousand lords assembled  
 Urged the flow of mirth. What have I to fear ?  
 He cried—this kingdom now is mine—  
 Its riches vast—its walls and brazen gates—  
 So high they well secure my treasures great—  
 Fear not ! shall we be e'er destruction's prey ?  
 No ! the Philistines in pristine strength  
 So terrible—I'd let an army come,  
 Then bid their might defiance and set at naught  
 Those giants. And Samson, were he unshorn,  
 Might try again his strength to now unhinge  
 My gates, and bear them hence if so he might  
 Fear not ! my guards have left the gates unwatched,  
 But who to try their strength will dare ?  
 The walls to scale an angel I defy—  
 The God's have bless'd us : come, you my lords,  
 Fill up—but these are goodly vessels,  
 Those priests anointed in their temple used.  
 Their worship suits us not. See you yon gods,  
 They smile upon us ; come, now propitiate  
 Their favor—and for this, we'll quaff these goblets  
 Fill'd with rich juice, that glows the veins  
 And makes us almost equal them, now drink !  
 O Gods, your smiles we ask. I raise to ye  
 This golden vase—though oft perfumed by rites  
 Unknown to us. But consecrate to you,  
 Made holy for your use. O Gods, henceforth  
 We at your feast alone shall present them,  
 And to your future glory I now—

\* \* \* \* \*

Pale monarch, thou startest—why that look  
 Appall'd ; art so frighted from thy purpose ?  
 Haste, perchance thou offer not the sacrifice,  
 Thy Gods may not protect thee. Ah ! thy lips  
 Refuse their office. The Almighty One

Has witnessed thy profanity—and now  
 He brings thee to deserved punishment.  
 From his fury thou canst not hide thyself,  
 Nor stay his arm that now wilt strike the blow.  
 Oh! foolish one! where are thy strong defences?  
 Where now thy trust? but now thou thought thou wast  
 Secure? that none to strive with thee would dare.  
 Behold! there is a mighty one can crush  
 The proud, bring down the haughty, humble low  
 A heart so full of pride.

A hand  
 Mysterious writes the awful sentence—  
 Sudden palsy siezes on its victims,  
 And ghastly eyeballs roll in agony  
 As one by one the blazing characters  
 Appear—and back recoils the freezing blood  
 Into its channel with icy coldness—  
 The certain doom is read. Hark! the thunder  
 Of an army—the shouts of fierce invaders  
 Strike double terror. The broad Euphrates  
 Whose bosom bore the riches and the treasures  
 Vast, has turned its course—now it brings a flood  
 Of thousands to reclaim them, and overwhelm  
 A mighty city with sad destruction,  
 Thenceforth to be no more.

Imagination! share thyself the task!  
 Thou with truth or power canst not portray  
 Those closing scenes so awful, which buried  
 Thee, O proud city! and thy prouder king  
 In one vast sepulchre.

M. J. A.

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## OLD ENGLISH PROSE WRITERS.

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### NUMBER SEVEN.

#### SIR THOMAS MORE'S WORKS.\*

SELF-SUFFICIENCY, under one form or another, is the predominant vice of the present age. A disposition to neglect the gathered wisdom of former times, and to deny all reverence to customs and institutions from which our fathers deemed it inseparable, and to go forward rejoicing in *our own* strength, is becoming more and more apparent. And whether we regard this senti-

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\* Could our friend WOLCOTT have written this article, which appeared in the *Yale Literary Magazine*? It may be, for it contains sentiments similar to those expressed in his No. One, and 'the land of steady habits' is the home of the Wolcotts. At any rate, we have taken the liberty to place the article under his head.—EDITOR.

ment as the fool-hardiness resulting from ignorance, and as 'the pride which goeth before a fall,' or, which we are more inclined to do, as the exultation of conscious right, and the prelude of more glorious achievements—still it is a vice, and requires the most vigorous exertions to check its further progress. These remarks are most obviously applicable to political matters, but they are not without meaning in reference to *literature*. Even in this department of knowledge, there has become a manifest proneness to circumscribe curiosity and inquiry within a narrow circle of contemporary writers, to extol our popular authors, as the only ones deserving our attention, and as incontestibly superior to all who have gone before them. It is difficult to determine whether this feeling is more unjust to those great lights of learning, who laid the *foundations* of our literature, by defrauding them of their merited homage, or more unfortunate for ourselves, by depriving us of their illumination. Nor is it less *absurd*, than it is unjust and unfortunate. For if we are indeed at the culminating point, whence beams of light and beauty shall fall on succeeding ages, the closest investigation can but confirm the truth; but if we are *not*, by timely consideration we may be saved from the error of those ancient astronomers, who assumed this little earth to be the centre of the universe, and *therefore*, at each supposed advance plunged deeper in error and perplexity. And those who, in utter ignorance of our older writers, are ever asserting the preeminence of Byron and Bulwer and Irving, should be careful lest, with those who have travelled further in the world of letters, they may incur the charge of weakness, no less ridiculous than that of the vain Chinese, who imagine their land, the only radiant point in a world of darkness.

Nor would the results of a candid and thorough examination of the early English writers, be really prejudicial to the reputation of contemporary works; for though we might return from our researches with a less extravagant complacency in the productions of living authors, it would be more strongly established. We should meet with opposite merits and opposite faults. If our current literature is more frivolous, theirs is more prolix; if their thoughts are more sound, and their style more simple, our reasoning is more pointed, and our expression more sparkling—if we are more disgusted here with spurious originality, we are oftener wearied there with staid monotony.

We have been led into these reflections by the perusal of several volumes of the 'Library of Old English Prose Writers.' Among the many series which have of late appeared in England and this country, under the specious names name of 'Libraries,' there is none so truly deserving as this, of the approbation and support of the educated and intellectual portion of the community—and to them, from its peculiar character, it must be almost entirely confined. Other publications, appealing to the interests or the love of novelty and excitement of the 'reading public,' meet with a ready support. But this series, whose design and tendency is to correct this corrupt taste, and chasten this morbid partiality to the matter-of-fact, or the romantic, cannot expect a promiscuous patronage. It is emphatically the *literature of literary men*, and all such, if they have any sympathy for 'sober thought, in simple language dressed,' nay, to appeal to selfish motives only, if they have



any regard for the improvement of their taste, the strengthening of their own minds, or the purifying of their own style, will not fail to search out and drink deeply of these 'healthful wells of English undefiled.' We would gladly ramble through the several works of which the 'Library' is composed, but time does not permit, and we hasten to the consideration of the last of their number, with the simple remark that the plan of the undertaking is praiseworthy, and the manner of its execution thus far has evinced so correct a judgment, and refined a taste, that we cannot but regret that any circumstances should for a moment delay its progress.

The fame of Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* must be familiar to every ear. Its authority as a classic is so high, quotations from it are so numerous, and allusions to it among literary, political, and metaphysical writers are so frequent and eulogistic, that no one who has passed beyond the first lisps of polite learning, can be presumed ignorant of its general character. But a much smaller number, probably, are acquainted with it from actual examination and study. Before the appearance of this edition it had long been out of print in this country, or excluded from general circulation by being buried in an expensive and cumbersome volume, among the ponderous conversational writings of its author; and in rescuing it from its unfortunate companionship, the editor has conferred no slight gratification upon the lovers of serious thought and quaint style. A clear view of the design and plan of the work cannot better be obtained than by a brief analysis of its contents.

The author, for the convenience of setting forth his ideas of a perfect commonwealth, in a plainer and bolder manner than the jealousy of the government and the church would allow, feigns the existence of an island, *Utopia*, in a remote quarter of the globe, unknown to the people of Europe, and recently discovered by the celebrated navigator, Vespucci. Raphael Hylloloday, a philosopher, who accompanied Vespucci in his voyages, through curiosity, to examine the condition of the new-found nations, having become intimately versed in the history and manners of the *Utopians*, conveys a lengthened and minute account of the same to his friend More, at that time employed in the 'king's embassy' in Flanders.

Upon this hypothesis, the philosophical romance is founded; and under the form of historical narrative, the author unfolds his views of the manners, customs, pursuits, government and religion, which would obtain among a perfectly happy people. He condemns with severity, and ridicules with sharpness, the policy, both temporal and spiritual, which was pursued by the governments of Europe, and the whole system of social relations, which prevailed among the people. He exposes with equal fearlessness, the folly and wickedness of royal tyranny, prelatical intolerance, and private avarice. He pictures in earnest simplicity, the advantages of equality of rank, temperance in living, freedom of opinion, and general education; and much more than anticipates the theory, all the advances which have actually been made, in more than three centuries. In order to feel the full admiration, which the perusal of the '*Utopia*' should legitimately excite, the reader must constantly bear in mind the period at which the author wrote. Many positions, which to us appear obvious and common-place—because we have been familiar with them, as undoubted truisms, from our childhood—evinced in our author

surpassing vigor of thought, and boldness of purpose, joined with a sagacity almost prophetic. The extent to which he pushed his liberality in religion, in an age distinguished for its bloody bigotry, may be learned from the following extract :

‘For this is one of their most ancient laws, that no man ought to be punished for his religion. At the first constitution of their government, Utopias having understood, that before his coming among them, the old inhabitants had been engaged in great quarrels concerning religion, by which they were so divided among themselves that he found it an easy thing to conquer them, since instead of uniting their forces against him, every different party in religion fought by themselves ; after he had subdued them, he made a law that every man might be of what religion he pleased, and might endeavor to draw others to it by force of argument, and by amicable and modest ways, but without bitterness to those of other opinions ; but that he ought to use no other force but that of persuasion, and was neither to mix with it reproaches nor violence ; and such as did otherwise were to be condemned to banishment or slavery.’

To affirm that all the maxims and institutions in this fictitious system of politics are unexceptionable, and would be desirable if *realized*, would be foolish eulogium—indeed, in some very important features, (we would refer particularly to the chapters on ‘the Manner of Living,’ on ‘Slavery,’ and on ‘Marriages,’) the progress of political science and moral philosophy, has shown that there is much that is erroneous and defective. The grand error is, and it is a very common one among theorists, in allowing to corrupt human nature a higher degree of moral perfection, than it has ever yet vindicated its claims to, and, resting upon this unsubstantial basis, must fall to the ground. The candid reader, however, cannot fail to admire the acuteness and honesty of the reasoning, and to wonder at the nobleness of the sentiments upon the great subjects of civil and religious freedom, when he reflects that the author was a courtier under the despotic Henry VIII, and was a tenacious Romanist, amid the fierce struggles of the Reformation. He will also be highly pleased with the simplicity of language in which the profoundest truths are conveyed, and will often be provoked to a smile, as he detects, under the modest guise of our author’s graceful style, many a thought, which with pompous epithet and startling antithesis, has been brought forth as the offspring of the ‘wonderful advance of mind in the XIXth century.’ And if he should be ready to point at some passages as absurd, and at others as childishly simple, let him remember, that according to competent critics, the prince of ancient philosophers, Plato, is not free from similar crudities. The most valuable portions of the work, are those which are employed in the discussion of permanent moral and political principles, though the most curious and amusing are the descriptions of the island, and of the domestic and civil habits of its citizens. There are, here and there, some portions of even ludicrous extravagance, which the author, it would seem, intended to serve him a refuge from the charge of heresy, by giving his book the appearance of an idle and humorous fiction.

The latter half of the volume is occupied with the ‘History of King

Richard III'—and though it does not possess the intrinsic value of the *Utopia*, it acquires even a higher interest from the circumstance of its being the *earliest specimen* of English prose, intelligible to readers of the present day.\* It is also deserving of great attention, as the original chronicle of that troublesome and tragical reign, written while several of the actors in its scenes are yet living. It is in this light, as the 'Father of English Prose,' that the character of Sir Thomas More appears most interesting. He was the first to break loose from the prevailing custom, which confined all learning and philosophy and history to the constrained medium of a dead language, and commenced those efforts in the living English, which have resulted in giving us a vernacular prose literature, unequalled by that of any other language in the world. He was fortunate, too, in living just at that period, when the language had acquired sufficient elegance and copiousness to render it in a great measure permanent. The tasteful reader will be tempted to wish that our native Saxon had been suffered to retain its pristine vigor, unencumbered with such ponderous accumulations as it has since received, though it had remained less magnificent in its periods, and less fertile in synonyms.

The principal points worthy of notice in this venerable composition, are the straight forward course of the narrative, the discrimination in the portraiture of character, and in tracing outward actions to their secret causes, and the nature and individuality shown in the speeches, which, in imitation of the manner of Livy and Sallust, he puts in the mouths of his personages. We were much struck with the *perfect* coincidence with this authentic chronicle, maintained in Shakspeare's drama of Richard III. It is exceedingly thorough and minute, and affords gratifying evidence that the efforts of the imagination may with success be made subservient to impressing and illustrating historical truth. As an instance of this resemblance, as well as for the purpose of exhibiting our author's *original* style, we quote as follows.

'And thus, as I have learned of them that much knew and little cause had to lie, were those two noble princes, those innocent, tender children, born of most royal blood, brought up in great wealth, likely long to live to reign and rule in the realm, by traitorous tyranny taken, deprived of their estate, shortly shut up in prison, and privily slain and murdered, their bodies cast, God wot where, by the cruel ambition of their unnatural uncle and his despiteous tormenters. Which things on every part well pondered, God never gave this world a more notable example, neither in what unsurety standeth this worldly weal, or what mischief worketh the proud enterprise of a high heart, or finally what wretched end ensueth such despiteous cruelty. For first, to begin with the ministers, Miles Forrist at Saint Martin's peacemeal rotted away. Dighton indeed yet walked on alive, in good possibility to be hanged ere he die. But Sir James Tyrrell died at Tower-hill, beheaded for treason. King Richard himself, as we shall hereafter hear, slain in the field, hacked and hewed of his enemies' hands, carried on horseback dead, his hair in despite torn and togged like a cur dog. And the

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\* *Utopia* was written in Latin. The current translation was made by Bishop Burnet.



mischief that he took, within less than three years of the mischief that he did. And yet all the mean time, spent in much pain and trouble outward, much fear, anguish and sorrow within. For I have heard by credible report of such as were secret with his chamberers, that after this abominable deed done, he never had quiet in his mind, he never thought himself sure. Where he went abroad, he even whirled about, his body privily fenced, his hand ever on his dagger, his countenance and manner like one alway ready to strike again; he took ill rest a nights, lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch, rather slumbered than slept, troubled with fearful dreams, suddenly sometime start up, leap out of his bed and run about the chamber: so was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrance of his abominable deed.'

The character of Sir Thomas More is one of the noblest that the whole circle of history can present, and his whole career was as glorious, in the highest sense of the term, as the loftiest aspirations could desire. His fame rests not on the adventitious distinctions of rank or political authority, or on the short lived eminence, conferred by popular idolatry; for, though he was placed high in office, though he was courted by his sovereign, beloved by his equals, and worshipped by his inferiors—the native power of his intellect and loftiness of his spirit, shed the proudest lustre upon his name. We have already had occasion to notice some points of his greatness, in the review of his works. In his *Utopia* we found him a subtle reasoner, and bold assertor of the rights of man; and in his history we met with an honest annalist, and skillful pioneer in the untraced paths of English literature. In many other respects he was no less gifted by nature, and favored by fortune. He was the first *lay* Chancellor of England, that high station, before his accession, having been entirely monopolized by Churchmen. He is the first person in English history distinguished for senatorial eloquence, and the earliest champion of parliamentary liberty. He was the first, as Speaker of the House of Commons, to teach that body the use of that power, which, as keeper of the purse of the nation, it possessed, and which, in later times, it has exerted with so overwhelming an influence on the destinies of the nation. In a word, he was the first of British ministers who deserved, in all its breadth, the title of a *statesman*. His personal character was no less lovely, than his public career was commanding. The sweetness of his disposition, the mirthfulness of his temper, his reluctance to engage in the stormy contentions of political ambition, the depth of his learning, and the ardor of his piety, are alike conspicuous—and the manner of his death has associated his fame with that of the martyrs to tyranny 'for conscience sake.'

W.

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## LITERARY NOTICES.

SOCIETY IN AMERICA: by Harriet Martineau. Saunders & Otley. 3 Vols.

We have longed for a sight at this 'all-the-talk' work of our lady. As yet, however, our longings have been in vain, and they have been increased by the numerous notices which daily meet our eye, accompanied by a variety of extracts. Then, again, the matter of its taking—one condemns *in toto*, calling her ladyship a second Madam Trollope, and other hard and disreputable names, while another remarks that she, like her less celebrated predecessor, has told some truths of us, however unpalatable they may be. Be this as it may, not having read 'Society in America,' we hazard no opinion, but will offer our readers a selection from the various extracts, barely remarking that if they cannot yield a willing assent to the correctness of some of her statements, they will not, we are assured, fail to admire her descriptive powers.

'The vacuity of mind of many women is, I conclude, the cause of a vice which it is painful to allude to, but which cannot honestly be passed over, in the consideration of the morals and the health of *American women*. It is no secret on the spot that the habit of intemperance is not infrequent among women of station and education in the most enlightened parts of the country. I witnessed some instances, and heard of more. It does not seem to me to be regarded with the dismay which such a symptom ought to excite. To the stranger a novelty so horrible, a spectacle so fearful, suggests wide and deep subjects of investigation. If women, in a region professing religion more strenuously than any other, living in the deepest external peace, surrounded by prosperity, and outwardly honored more conspicuously than in any other country, can ever so far cast off self-restraint, shame domestic affection, and the deep prejudices of education, as to plunge into the living hell of intemperance, there must be something fearfully wrong in their position. An intemperate man has strong temptation to plead: he began with conviviality, and not only arrives at solitary intemperance as the ultimate degradation. A woman indulges in the vice in solitude and secrecy, as long as secrecy is possible. She knows that there is no excuse, no solace, no hope. There is nothing before her but despair. It is impossible to suppose then that there has otherwise been despair which waits upon vacuity. I believe that the practice has, in some few cases, arisen from physicians prescribing cordials to growing girls at school, and from the difficulty found in desisting from the use of agreeable stimulants. In other cases, the vice is hereditary. In others, no explanation remains, but that which appears to me quite sufficient,—vacuity of mind. Lest my mention of this very remarkable fact should lead to supposition of the practice being more common than it is, I think it right to state, that I happened to know of seven or eight cases in the higher classes of society in one city. The number of cases is a fact of comparatively small importance. That one exists, is a grief which the whole of society should take to heart, and ponder with the entire strength of its understanding.'

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'It is assumed in America, particularly in New England, that the morals of society there are peculiarly pure. (I am grieved to doubt the fact; but I do doubt it.) Nothing like a comparison between one country and another in different circumstances can be instituted: nor would any one desire such a comparison. The bottomless vice, the all-pervading corruption of European society cannot, by possibility, be yet paralleled in America; but neither is it true that any outward prosperity any arrangement of circumstances, can keep a society pure while there is corruption in its social methods, and among its principles of individual action. Even in America, where every young man may, if he chooses, marry at twenty—

one and appropriate all the best comforts of domestic life. A gentleman of Massachusetts, who knows life and the value of most things in it, spoke to me with deep concern of the alternation in manners which is going on; of the increase of bachelors, and of mercenary marriages; and of the fearful consequences. It is too soon for America to be following the old world in its ways. In the old world the necessity of thinking of a maintenance before thinking of a wife has led to requiring a certain style of living before taking a wife; and then alas! to taking a wife for the sake of securing a certain style of living. That this species of corruption is already spreading in the new world is beyond doubt; in the cities, where the people who live for wealth and for opinion congregate.

I was struck with the great number of New England women whom I saw married to men old enough to be their fathers. One instance which perplexed me exceedingly, on my entrance into the country, was explained very little to my satisfaction. The girl had been engaged to a young man whom she was attached to; her mother broke off the engagement, and married her to a rich old man. This story was a real shock to me; so persuaded had I been that in America, at least, one might escape from the disgusting spectacle of mercenary marriages. But I saw only too many instances afterwards. The practice was ascribed to the often mentioned fact of the young men emigrating westward in large numbers, leaving those who should be their wives to marry widowers of double their age. The Auld Robin Gray story is a frequently enacted tragedy here: and one of the worst symptoms that struck me was, that there was usually a demand upon my sympathy in such cases. I have no sympathy for those who, under any pressure of circumstances, sacrifice their heart's-love for legal prostitution: and no environment of beauty or sentiment can deprive the fact of its coarseness: and least of all can I sympathise with women who set the example of marrying for an establishment, in a new country where if any where, the conjugal relation should be found in its purity.

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'So much more has naturally been observed by travellers of American manners in stages and steamboats, than in private houses, that all has been said over and over again, that the subject deserves. I need only testify that I do not think the Americans eat faster than other people, on the whole.—The celerity at hotel tables is remarkable; but so it is in stage-coach travelers in England, who are allowed ten minutes or a quarter of an hour for dining. In private houses I was never aware of being hurried. The cheerful unintermitting civility of all gentlemen travellers, throughout the country, is very striking to a stranger. The degree of consideration shown to women, is in my opinion, greater than is rational, or good for either party; but the manners of the American stage-coach travellers, might afford a valuable lesson and example to many classes of Europeans who have a high opinion of their own civilization. I do not think it rational or fair that every gentleman, whether old or young, sick or well, weary or untired, should as a matter of course, yield up the best places in the stage to a lady passenger. I do not think it rational or fair that five gentlemen should ride on the top of the coach, (where there is no comodation for holding on, and resting place for their feet,) for some hours in a July day, in Virginia, that a young lady, who was slightly delicate might have room to lay her feet, and change her posture as she pleased. It is obvious that, if she was not strong enough to travel on common terms in the stage, her family should have traveled in an extra, or staid behind, or done any thing rather than allowed five persons to risk their health and sacrifice their comfort for the sake of one. Whatever may be the good moral effect of such self-denunciation on the tempers of the gentlemen, the custom is very injurious to ladies. Their travelling manners are any thing but amiable. While on a journey, women who appear well enough in their homes, present all the characteristics of spoiled children. Screaming and trembling at the apprehension of danger are not uncommon; but there is something far worse in the cool selfishness with which they expect the best of every thing, at any sacrifice to others, and usually in the South and West, without a word or look of acknowledgement. They are like spoiled children when the gentlemen are not present to be sacrificed to them—in the inn parlor, while waiting for meals, or the stage, and in the cabin of a steamboat. I never saw any manner so repulsive as that of many American ladies on board steamboat. They look as if they supposed you mean to injure them, till you show to the contrary. The suspicious side glance, or the full stare, the cold, immoveable observation, the bristling self defence the moment you come near, the cool pushing to get the best place, every thing said and done without the least trace of trust or cheerfulness—these are the disagreeable consequences of the ladies being petted and humored as



they are. The New England ladies, who are compelled, by their superior numbers, to depend less upon the care of others, are far happier and pleasanter companions in journey, than those of the rest of the country.

The last of the Nanawha river, as we bade adieu to it on the 28th of June, was smooth and sweet, with its isles of rocks, and the pretty bridge by which we crossed the Gauley and entered upon the descent above New river. The Gauley and the New river join to make the Kanawha. The ascent of the mountain above New river is trying to weak nerves. The horses have to stop, here and there, to rest; and it appears that if they were to back three steps, it would be death. The road, however, is really broad, though it appears a mere ledge when the eye catches the depth below, where the brown river is rushing and brayling in its rocky bed. A passenger dropped his cap in the steepest part; and the driver made no difficulty about stopping to let him recover it. What a depth it was! like the dreamy visions of one's childhood of what winged passengers may first learn of men's dwelling-place, when they light on a mountain top; like Satan's glimpses from the Mount of Soliloquy; like an unusual or forbidden peep from above into the retirements of Nature, or the arrangements of man. On our left rose the blasted rocks which had been compelled to yield us a passage; but their aspect was already softened by the trails of crimson and green creepers which were spreading over their front. The unmeasured pent-house of wild vine was still below us on the right, with rich rhododendron blossoms bursting through, and rock plants shooting up from every ledge and crevice at the edge of the precipice. After a long while, (I have nothing to say of time or distance, for I thought of neither,) a turn in the road shut out the whole from our sight, I leaned out of the stage further and further, to catch, as I supposed, a last glimpse of the tremendous valley; and when I drew in again it was with a feeling of deep grief that such a scene was to be beheld by me no more. I saw a house, a comfortable homestead, in this wild place, with its pasture and cornfields about it; and I longed to get out, and ask the people to let me live with them.

'In a few minutes the stage stopped. "If any one of the passengers wish to go to the Hawk's Nest—" shouted the driver. He gave us ten minutes, and pointed with his whip to a beaten path in the wood to the right. It seems to me now that I was unaccountably cool and careless about it. I was absorbed by what I had seen, or I might have known from the direction we were taking that we were coming out above the river again. We had not many yards to go. We issued suddenly from the covert of the wood upon a small platform of a rock—a Devil's Pulpit, it would be called, if its present name were not so, much better—a platform of rock, springing from the mountain side, without any visible support, and looking sheer down upon an angle of their roaring river, between eleven and twelve hundred feet below. Nothing whatever intervenes. Spread out beneath, shooting up around, are blue mountain peaks, extending in boundless expanse. No one, I believe, could look down over the edge of this airless shelf, but for the stunted pines which are fast rooted in it. With each arm clasping a pine stem I looked over, and saw more, I cannot but think, than the world has in reserve to show me.

'It is said that this place was discovered by Chief Justice Marshall, when, as a young man, he was surveying among the mountains. But how many Indians knew it before? How did it strike the mysterious race who gave place to the Indians? Perhaps one of these may have stood there to see the summer storm careering below—to feel that his foothold was too lofty to be shaken by the thunder peals that burst beneath—to trace the quiverings of the lightnings afar, while the heaven was clear above his own head. Perhaps this was the stand chosen by the last Indian, from which to cast his lingering glance upon the glorious regions from which the white intruders were driving his race. If so, here he must have pined and died, or hence he must have cast himself down. I cannot conceive that from this spot any man could turn away to go into exile. But it cannot be that Marshall was more than the earliest of the Saxon race who discovered this place. Nature's thrones are not left to be first mounted by men who can be made Chief Justices. We know not what races of wild monarchs may have had them first.'

'The valley of the Connecticut is the most fertile valley in New England; and it is scarcely possible that any should be more beautiful. The river, full, broad, and tranquil as the summer sky, winds through meadows, green with pasture or golden with corn. Clumps of forest trees afford retreat for the cattle in the

summer heats; and the magnificent New England elm, the most graceful of trees, is dropped singly, here and there, and casts its broad shade upon the meadow. Hills of various height and declivity bound the now widening, now contracting valley. To these hills the forest has retired; the everlasting forest, from which, in America we cannot fly. I cannot remember that, except in some parts of the prairies, I was ever out of sight of the forest in the United States: and I am sure I never wished to be so. It was like the 'verdurous wall of Paradise,' confining the mighty southern and western rivers to their channels. We were, as it appeared, imprisoned in it for many days together, as we traversed the south-eastern States. We threaded it in Michigan; we skirted it in New York and Pennsylvania; and throughout New England it bounded every landscape. It looked down upon us from the hill-tops; it advanced into notice from every gap and notch in the chain. To the native it must appear as indispensable in the picture-gallery of nature as the sky. To the English traveller it is a special boon, an added charm, a newly-created grace, like the infant planet that wanders across the telescope of the astronomer. The English traveller finds himself never weary by day of prying into the forest, from beneath its canopy; or, from a distance drinking in its exquisite hues; and his dreams, for months or years, will be of the mossy roots, the black pine, and silvery birch stems, the translucent green shades of the beech, and the slender creeper, climbing like a ladder into the topmost boughs of the dark holly, a hundred feet high. He will dream of the march of the hours through the forest; the deep blackness of night, broken by the dun forest-fires, and startled by the showers of sparks, sent abroad by the casual breeze from the burning stems. He will hear again the shrill piping of the whip-poor-will, and the multitudinous din from the occasional swamp. He will dream of the deep silence which precedes the dawn; of the gradual apparition of the haunting trees, coming faintly out of the darkness; of the first level rays, instantaneously piercing the woods to their very heart, and lighting them up into boundless ruddy colonnades, garlanded with wavy verdure, and carpeted with glittering wild-flowers. Or, he will dream of the clouds of gay butterflies, and gaudy dragon-flies, that hover above the noon-day paths of the forest, or cluster about some graceful shrub, making it appear to bear at once all the flowers of Eden. Or the golden moon will look down through his dream, making for him islands of light in an ocean of darkness. He may not see the stars but by glimpses; but the winged stars of those regions—the gleaming fire-flies—radiate from every sleeping bough, and keep his eye in fancy busy in following their glancing, while his spirit sleeps in the deep charms of the summer night. Next to the solemn and various beauty of the sea and the sky, comes that of the wilderness. I doubt whether the sublimity of the vastest mountain-range can exceed that of the all-pervading forest, when the imagination becomes able to realise the conception of what it is.

'In the valley of the Connecticut, the forest merely presides over the scene, giving gravity to its charm. On East Mountain, above Deerfield in Massachusetts, it is mingled with grey rocks, whose hue mingles exquisitely with its verdure. We looked down from thence on a long reach of the valley, just before sunset, and made ourselves acquainted with the geography of the catastrophe which was to be commemorated in a day or two. Here and there, in the meadows, were sinkings of the soil, shallow basins of verdant pasturage, where there had probably once been small lakes, but where cattle were now grazing. The unfenced fields, secure within landmarks, and open to the annual inundation which preserves their fertility, were rich with unharvested Indian corn; the cobs left lying in their sheaths, because no passer-by is tempted to steal them; every one having enough of his own. The silvery river lay among the meadows; and on its bank, far below us, stretched the avenue of noble trees, touched with the hues of autumn, which shaded the village of Deerfield. Saddleback bounded our view opposite, and the Northampton hills and Green Mountains on the left. Smoke arose, here and there, from the hills' sides, and the nearer eminences were dotted with white dwellings, of the same order with the homesteads which were sprinkled over the valley.

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'It is an absorbing thing to watch the process of world-making—both the formation of the natural and the conventional world. I witnessed both in America; and when I look back upon it now, it seems as if I had been in another planet. I saw something of the process of creating the natural globe in the depths of the largest explored cave in the world. In its depths, in this noiseless workshop was Nature employed with her blind and dumb agents, fashioning mysteries which the earthquake of a thousand years hence may bring to light, to give man a new sense of the shortness of his life. I saw something of the process of world-

making behind the fall of Niagara, in the thunder cavern, where the rocks that have stood for ever tremble to their fall amidst the roar of the unexhausted floods. I stood where soon human foot shall stand no more. Foot-hold after foot-hold is destined to be thrown down, till, after more ages than the world has yet known, the last rocky barrier shall be overpowered, and an ocean shall overspread countries which are but just entering upon civilized existence. Niagara itself is but one of the shifting scenes of life, like all of the outward that we hold most permanent. Niagara itself, like the systems of the sky, is one of the hands of Nature's clock, moving, though too slowly to be perceived by the unheeding—still moving, to mark the lapse of time. Niagara itself is destined to be as the traditionary monsters of the ancient earth—a giant existence, to be spoken of to wondering ears in studious hours, and believed in from the sole evidence of its surviving grandeur and beauty. While I stood in the wet whirlwind, with the chrystal roof above me, the thundering floor beneath, and the foaming whirlpool and rushing flood before me, I saw those quiet, studious hours of the future world when this cataract shall have become a tradition, and the spot on which I stood shall be the centre of a wide sea, a new region of life. This was seeing world-making. So it was on the Mississippi, when a sort of scum on the waters betokened the birth-place of new land. All things help in this creation. The cliffs of the upper Missouri detach their soil, and send it thousands of miles down the stream. The river brings it, and deposits it, in continual increase, till a barrier is raised against the rushing waters themselves. The air brings seeds, and drops them where they sprout, and strike downwards, so that their roots bind the soft soil, and enable it to bear the weight of accretions. The infant forest, floating, as it appeared, on the surface of turbid and rapid waters, may reveal no beauty to the painter; but to the eye of one who loves to watch the process of world-making, it is full of delight. These islands are seen in every stage of growth. The cotton-wood trees, from being like cresses in a pool, rise breast-high; then they are like the thickets, to whose shade the alligator may retreat; then, like groves that bid the sun good-night, while he is still lighting up the forest; thou like the forest itself, with the wood-cutter's house within its screen, flowers springing about its stems, and the wild-vine climbing to meet the night breezes on its lofty canopy. This was seeing world-making. Here was strong instigation to the exercise of analysis.

'One of the most frequent thoughts of a speculator in these wildernesses, is the rarity of the chance which brings him here to speculate. The primitive glories of nature have, almost always since the world began, been dispensed to savages; to men who, dearly as they love the wilderness, have no power of cultivated society. Busy colonists, pressed by bodily wants, are the next class brought over the threshold of this temple: and they come for other purposes than to meditate. The next are those who would make haste to be rich; selfish adventurers, who drive out the red man, and drive in the black man, and, amidst the forests and the floods, think only of cotton and of gold. Not to such alone should the primitive glories of nature be dispensed; glories which can never be restored. The philosopher should come, before they are effaced, and find combinations and proportions of life and truth which are not to be found elsewhere. The painter should come, and find combinations and proportions of visible beauty which are not to be found elsewhere. The architect should come, and find suggestions and irradiations of his art which are not to be found elsewhere. The poet should come, and witness a supremacy of nature such as he images in the old days when the world's sires came forth at the tidings of the rainbow in the cloud. The chance which opens to the meditative the almost untouched regions of nature, is a rare one; and they should not be left to the vanishing savage, the busy and the sordid.'

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'Side by side with the sinners of the rostrum, stand the sinners of the newspaper press. The case is clear, and needs little remark or illustration. The profligacy of newspapers, wherever they exist, is a universal complaint; and, of all newspaper presses, I never heard any one deny that the American is the worst. Of course, this depravity being so general throughout the country, it must be occasioned by some overpowering force of circumstances. The causes are various; and it is a testimony to the strength and purity of the democratic sentiment in the country, that the republic has not been overthrown by its newspapers.

'While the population is so scattered as it now is, throughout the greater part of the Union, nothing is easier than to make the people know only one side of a question; few things are easier than to keep from them altogether the knowledge of any particular affair; and worse than all, on them may easily be practised



the discovery that lies may work their intended effect before the truth can overtake them.

'It is hard to tell which is worst—the wide diffusion of things that are not true, or the suppression of things that are true. It is no secret that some able personage at Washington writes letter on the politics and politicians of the general government, and sends them to the remotest corners of the Union, to appear in their newspapers; after which they are collected in the administration newspaper at Washington as testimonies of public opinion in the respective districts where they appear. The worst of it is, that the few exceptions to this depravity—the few newspapers conducted by men of truth and superior intelligence, are not yet encouraged in proportion to their merits.

'There will be no great improvement in the literary character of the American newspapers till the literature of the country has improved. Their moral character depends upon the moral taste of the people. This looks like a very severe censure. If it be so, the same censure applies elsewhere, and English morals must be held accountable for the slanders and captiousness displayed in the leading articles of British journals, and for the disgustingly jocose tone of their police reports, where crimes are treated as entertainments and misery as a jest. Whatever may be the exterior causes of the Americans having been hitherto ill-served in their newspapers, it is now certain that there are none which may not be overpowered by a sound moral taste. In their country, the demand lies with the many. Whenever the many demand truth and justice in their journals, and reject falsehood and calumny, they will be served according to their desire.'

We heartily respond to every sentiment advanced in this latter extract. It is full of truth, and deserves a serious consideration. It is a subject that we might well enlarge upon, but we have already occupied a large space with our selections and we will only say, 'Read and ponder.'

THE ITALIAN SKETCH BOOK, by H. T. Tuckerman. Second Edition, Enlarged. Boston: Light & Stearns.

The appearance of a second edition of any work is a sufficient recommendation to the notice of the reader. In the present case, the handsome manner in which this highly interesting volume is brought out, is an additional inducement to a favorable notice. Suffice it, however, for us to say that it was every where well received at its debut, and we trust, the present edition will prove to be sought for with an equal interest by the reading community.

The articles composing this work were prepared by its esteemed author for various literary journals, and having been, as he remarks, received with 'unexpected favor,' he was induced to revise them and present them in the form of a volume. 'Should this little work,' he continues, 'serve to revive the impressions of one who has sojourned in the regions of which it speaks, or pleasingly inform the who is precluded from beholding them—especially, should it tend, in the least degree, to awaken in any mind an interest and faith in humanity as there existent, or its perusal enliven an irksome, or beguile a painful hour, the author will feel that the time devoted to its production has not been spent in vain.' We can cheerfully recommend it as well calculated to accomplish at least one of these ends.

## EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

VIEW OF BANGOR. We have taken some pains to procure from the Publisher of the *American Magazine* the neat wood cut of the View of Bangor, for a Frontispiece to this volume. Had our patronage have warranted, we should have furnished something of a higher order of Engraving, but the times during which our Magazine has been issued would not admit of any such expenditure.

SCENE FOR A NOVELIST. The following interesting account of Dade's Massacre appears in the Boston Morning Post, as taken from the personal narrative of Ransom Clark, the only survivor of that unfortunate engagement.

'The military annals of modern times' says the American Monthly Magazine, 'scarcely present a scene so touching and peculiar as that exhibited upon Dade's battle-ground. The smallness of the number engaged, with the isolation of the field of action, may make the historian give but a passing notice to this massacre; but the novelist and the poet must ever dwell upon it as presenting one of the most striking displays of tried discipline and unavailing valor that brave soldiers have ever exhibited. As such we preserve the following record here.'

'Our detachment, consisting of 117 men, under command of Major Dade, started from Fort Brooke, Tampa Bay, on the 23d of December, and arrived at the scene of action about 8 o'clock, on the morning of the 28th. It was on the edge of a pond, three miles from the spot where we had bivouacked on the night previous. The pond was surprised Major Dade said to us—'We have now got through all danger; keep up good heart, and when we get to Fort King, I'll give you three days for Christmas.'

'At this time we were in a path, or trail on the border of the pond; and the first notice that we received of the presence of the enemy, was the discharge of a rifle by the chief, as a signal to commence the attack. The pond was on our right, and the Indians were scattered round in a semicircle, on our left, in the rear, and in advance—reaching at the two latter points to the edge of the pond; but leaving an opening for our entrance on the path, and a similar opening on the opposite extremity for the egress of our advance guard' which was permitted to pass through without being fired on, and, of course, unconscious of the ambuscade through which they had marched. At the time of the attack this guard was about a quarter of a mile in advance, the main body following in column, two deep. The Chief's rifle was followed by a general discharge from his men, and Major Dade, Captain Frazier, and Lieutenant Mudge, together with several non-commissioned officers and privates, were brought down by the first volley. Our rear guard had a six pounder, which, as soon as possible, was hauled up, and brought to bear upon the ground occupied by the unseen enemy, secreted among the grass, brush, and trees. The discharge of the cannon checked and made them fall back for about half an hour. About twelve of us advanced, and brought in our wounded and the arms, leaving the dead. Among the wounded was Lieutenant Mudge, who was speechless. We set him up against a tree, and he was found there two months after, when General Gaines sent a detachment to bury the bodies of our soldiers. All hands then commenced throwing up a small triangular breastwork of logs; but, just as we had raised it about two feet, the Indians returned, and renewed the engagement. A part of our troops fought within the breastwork, and a part outside. I remained outside till I received a ball in my right arm, and another near my right temple, which came out at the top of my head. I next received a shot in my thigh, which brought me down on my side, and I then got into the breastwork. We gave them forty-nine discharges from the cannon; and, while loading for the fiftieth, the last shot we had, our match went out. The Indians chiefly levelled at the men who worked the cannon. In the mean time the main body of our troops kept up a general fire with musketry.

'The loss of the enemy must have been very great, because we never fired until we fixed on our men; but the cannon was necessarily fired at random, as only two or three Indians appeared together. When the firing commenced, the advanced guard wheeled, and in returning to the main body, were entirely cut up. The battle lasted till about four in the afternoon, and I was about the last one who handled a gun, while lying on my side. At the close, I received a shot in my right shoulder, which passed into my lungs; the blood gushed out of my mouth in a stream, and, dropping my musket, I rolled over on my face. The Indians then entered the breastwork, but found not one man standing to defend, it. They secured the arms, ammunition, and the cannon, and dispatched such of our fallen soldiers as they supposed still to be alive. Their negroes then came in to strip the dead. I had by this time somewhat revived, and a negro observed that I was not dead, took up a musket and shot me in the top of the shoulder, and the ball came out at my back. After firing, he said, 'There, d—you, take that.' He then stripped me of every thing but my shirt.

'The enemy then disappeared to the left of the pond, and, through weakness and apprehension, I remained still till about nine o'clock at night. I then com-

menced crawling on my knees and left hand. As I was crawling over the dead, I put my hand on one man, who felt different from the rest—he was warm and limber. I roused him up, and found it was De Courcy, an Englishman, and the son of a British officer resident in Canada. I told him that it was best for us to attempt to travel, as the danger appeared to be over, and we might fall in with some assistance. As he was only wounded in the side and arm, he could walk a little. We got along as well as we could that night, continued on till next noon, when, on a rising ground, we observed an Indian ahead, on horseback, loading his rifle. We agreed that he should go on one side of the road, and I on the other. The Indian took after De Courcy, and I heard the discharge of his rifle. This gave me time to crawl into a hammock and hide away. The Indian soon returned, with his arms and legs covered with blood, having, no doubt, according to custom, cut De Courcy, to pieces after bringing him down with his rifle. The Indian came riding through the brush in pursuit of me, and approached within ten feet, but gave up the search. I then resumed my route back to Fort Brooke, crawled and limped through the nights and afternoons, and slept in the brush during the middle of the day, with no other nourishment than cold water. I got to Fort Brooke on the evening of the fifth; and in five months afterwards was discharged as a pensioner, at eight dollars per month. The doctor attributes my not dying of my wounds to the circumstance that I bled a good deal, and did not partake of any solid food during the first five days.

Two other soldiers, by the names of Thomas and Sprague, also came in afterwards. Although badly wounded, they ascended a tree, and thus escaped the enemy on the evening of the battle. They joined another expedition, two months after, but before their wounds were healed, and they soon died of them.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS. We cannot part with our esteemed contributors without an expression of our sincere thanks for their kind assistance through the past year. To our Baltimore friends, in particular, we owe a debt of gratitude, coming forward, as they did, unsolicited to aid us in our arduous undertaking, and they may rest assured that their valuable contributions will always be borne in grateful remembrance. They are on the high road to fame and honorable distinction, and may their most sanguine expectations be realized. Should we again resume the publication of our periodical, we shall surely solicit their valuable assistance, and hope that it may be in our power to offer a *substantial* equivalent for all services that may be rendered. To many others whom we have in our 'mind's eye,' we are largely indebted, and may they, also, attain an enviable distinction in the world of letters. Once more—may you all reap the rich reward of well-earned fame. Farewell.

#### THE CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

ONE year has now elapsed since the union of the PORTLAND and EASTERN MAGAZINES. In the outset, we made no extravagant promises as to our intended course. We pledged our humble efforts 'to render the Magazine in every way worthy of a liberal support,' and we can conscientiously say that there has been no 'want of exertion' on our part. We have struggled through a year of unexampled commercial embarrassment and have taxed our means and patience to the utmost to sustain our periodical. And after all this toil and expenditure, what has been our encouragement? We would willingly keep silence, were we not obliged in self-defence to tell the plain, unvarnished truth. The Magazine has not wanted subscribers, but merely *paying* subscribers. Had they fulfilled their part of the contract, as well they might according to the original terms, much perplexity would have been saved on our part, and they, in return, by affording us the means, would have had a better Magazine. But we have done our duty, though we say it, and as the subscribers have so shamefully neglected to do their duty, we are constrained to adopt a course we would gladly have avoided. This course is, a suspension of publication for ONE YEAR, at least. Whether we shall then resume is a matter for future consideration.



